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Elected to Membership

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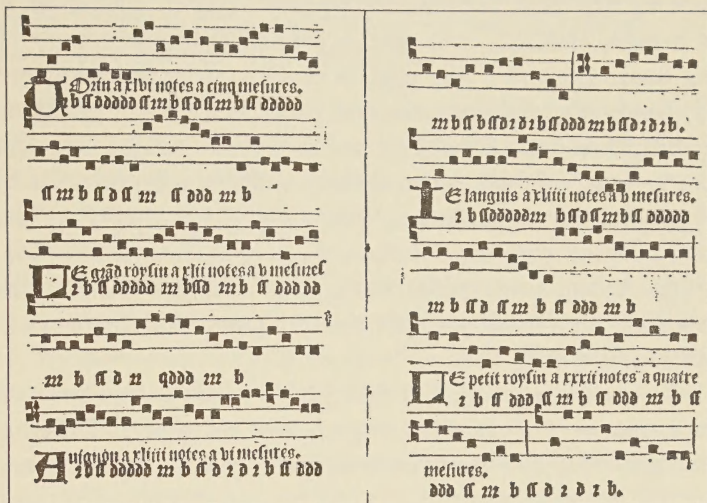
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THREE OLD DANCE BOOKS:

John Weaver, *An Essay Towards an History of Dancing*, 1712,

Médéric-Louis-Elie Moreau de Saint-Méry, *De la Danse*, 1803,

et Lorenzo de' Medici, *Canzone a Ballo*, 1563

by Adela Spindler Roatcap

SOME YEARS AGO I was offered a copy of John Weaver, *An Essay Toward an History of Dancing*, which had been bound together with a copy of Médéric-Louis-Elie Moreau de Saint-Méry, *De la Danse*—a “marriage of convenience” bringing together the earliest history of dance in the English language with the first book dealing with dance in the Americas. It was suggested that I take the book apart and have both volumes bound separately. But when the book arrived, with its Victorian-style binding, I found that a few preliminary pages had been added way back when and that charming extracts from London and New York newspapers dating back to 1801 were neatly pasted on them. On the very first page a three-line newspaper cutting proclaims:

A society for the assistance of aged and infirm teachers and professors of dancing has been established in the metropolis. [London, 1844]

I place my new book between my treasured copy of Lorenzo de' Medici, *Canzone a Ballo*, Florence, 1563, and a previously acquired copy of John Weaver's *Essay*, on whose title page is written, twice for good measure, "Thomas Grace—his book." On the end papers are various entries in children's hands, "Ann Grace," "John Grace his book of Dancing 12345678," and "Ano Domy 1732." In 1985, when Richard Ralph's exhaustive *The Life and Works of John Weaver* was published, I discovered that a Mrs. Grace had been a member of Weaver's company. I sent a query to the author, who, being a British gentleman, answered by return post: "The date relates to the time when rehearsals for the *Judgment of Paris* might have begun (twenty years after the book was published)."

So, who was Mrs. Grace? Was she Thomas's wife or daughter, or John and Ann's sister or mother? Mrs. Grace is first recorded at Weaver's company during his 1727-1728 season, and she performed the role of a shepherdess in his *The Judgment of Paris* in 1733. We may not know much about Mrs. Grace, but there is a great wealth of information about John Weaver—actor, choreographer, dancing master, writer of at least twelve books and quite a few articles for *The Spectator*. I've found no likeness of John Weaver but imagine him as a character in a painting by William Hogarth:

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A little dapper cheerful man, much respected in the town, and by the first people in the neighborhood. He continued the exercise of his profession till nearly the very close.

John Weaver was born July 21, 1673, in Shrewsbury, the eldest son, probably, of a dancing master by the name of John Weaver. In 1676 the Weaver family moved to Oxford and soon after settled in Holywell. Young John learned his Latin and Greek and was in the habit of peppering his texts with classical quotations in their original languages. On the title page of the *Essay*, he inserted "Spartam quam nactus est, hanc ornat," which can be loosely translated as "He who conquers Sparta may adorn it." (Yes, but why?) Indeed, Weaver's intention was to revive the style of acting and dancing of the ancient Greeks and Romans. In 1700 he removed to London, where he persuaded Christopher Rich, proprietor at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, to allow him to stage *The Tavern Bilkers*—"the first Entertainment that appeared on the English Stage, where the Representation and Story was carried by Dancing, Action and Motion only." Weaver was well on his way to becoming the "father of English Pantomime." A new system of dance notation had been published in Paris: R. A. Feuillet, *Choregraphie*. John Weaver translated Feuillet into English and in 1706 published this translation as *Orchesography. Or, the Art of Dancing by Characters and Demonstrative Figures*, as well as *A Small Treatise of Time and Cadence in Dancing*. The same year he also published *A Collection of Ball-Dances Performed at Court*, where, by using Feuillet's notation, Weaver documented the dances created by Queen Anne's Royal Dancing Master, Mr. Isaacs. John Weaver was already working on *An Essay Towards an History of Dancing*, printed by Jacob Tonson in 1712. Chapter VI of the *Essay* was published in 1728 as *The History of the Mimes and Pantomimes*. The *Essay* is widely acknowledged to be Weaver's magnum opus, still useful today.

John Weaver's stage career was somewhat eclipsed by Christopher Rich's son John, an outstanding Harlequin, producer of *The Beggar's Opera*, owner and manager of the Theatre Royal at Drury Lane, and determined crowd-pleaser. But Weaver was more than a dancer; he was a dance theorist, the prolific author of *The Loves of Mars and Venus* (1717); *The Fable of Orpheus and Eurydice* (1718); *Anatomical and Mechanical Lectures upon Dancing* (1721); *The History of the Mimes and Pantomimes* (1728); *Perseus and Andromeda* (1728); and, finally, *The Judgment Of Paris*, subtitled "A Dramatic Entertainment in Dancing and Singing, after the Manner of the Ancient Greeks and Romans,

as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. The Words by Mr. Congreve. Set to Music by Mr. Seedon. Compiled by J. Weaver, Dancing master. London; Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand...in 1733." John Weaver was unstoppable; he taught dance until his eighty-seventh year and died in 1760 in Shrewbury, the town of his birth.

Médéric-Louis-Elie Moreau de Saint-Méry, the author of *De la Danse*, was quite a different personality than John Weaver, though he had the same passion for writing. He was born in 1750 on the island of Martinique, where his grandfather was a seneschal, and took his law degree, with distinction, in Paris. From 1784 to 1790, he published *Loix et Constitutions des Colonies françaises de l'Amérique sous le Vent*, in six volumes. In April 1789, Saint-Méry was one of the four hundred and seven *electeurs* who assembled to decide the course of the Revolution. On July 14, when the Bastille fell, Moreau de Saint-Méry received the keys to the fortress. This event allowed him to



boast of having been “King of Paris” for three days (the Bastille was demolished on July 17). Having incurred Robespierre’s displeasure, he escaped the guillotine by boarding a ship for America, where, forming a partnership with an exiled German nobleman, he set up a bookstore and printing press in Philadelphia on the corner of Front and Walnut streets, published books and newspapers, and received such guests as that “prince of diplomats,” Talleyrand. John Adams, wrote Moreau de Saint-Méry, “when Vice President, often came to my house, to my study and to my shop. We exchanged books as gifts.” Saint-Méry sported a revolutionary cockade and made many friend among the émigrés. Upon becoming President, John Adams made a list of undesirable foreigners against whom the Alien Bill might be used and added Saint-Méry’s name to the list:

I was sufficiently curious to question M. Adams through M. Langdon, senator from New Hampshire, to find out what I was charged with. Adams replied, ‘Nothing in particular, but he’s too French.’

During Moreau de Saint-Méry’s years in Philadelphia, he took pleasure in writing down the customs and behavior of its inhabitants – a born cultural anthropologist. In those days famous ballet dancers were imported from France or Italy. Saint-Méry was more interested in the people’s dance. He wrote:

All American girls or women are fond of dancing, which is one of their greatest pleasures. The men like it almost as much. They indulge in this pleasure, either in the morning, from eight to eleven, or in the evening from the end of the day far into the night. Dancing, for the inhabitants of the United States, is less a matter of self-display than it is of true enjoyment. At the same dance you will see a grandfather, his son and his grandson, but more often still the grandmother, her daughter and her granddaughter. If a Frenchman comments upon this with surprise, he is told that each one dances for his own amusement, and not because it is the thing to do.

Undaunted, Moreau de Saint-Méry returned to France. In 1799, when Napoleon Bonaparte seized power, he became a member of the government, Commander of the Légion d’Honneur, ambassador to the North Italian Duchy of Parma, and eventually Parma’s governor. In 1789 he had written an essay on Creole dancing in the West Indies, as part of a projected encyclopedia of eighteenth-century Colonial life. George Balanchine, in his *Complete Stories of the Great Ballets*, 1954, mentions having seen a copy

of *De la Danse* that was published in Philadelphia in 1796. Around 1800 Saint-Méry revised the text and had it printed at the Bodoni Press: *De la Danse* – “Par Médéric-Louis-Elie Moreau de Saint-Méry, Conseiller d’Etat, Administrateur Général des Etats de Parme, Plaisance, et Gustalla, Membre de Plusieurs Sociétés Savants et Littéraires.” There were two printings, 1801 and 1803. It seems that Moreau de Saint-Méry was more interested in his scholarly pursuits than in governing Parma. L’Empereur was not amused. In 1806, Saint-Méry was recalled to Paris, stripped of his honors (and his fortune), refused a pension and reduced to live by selling his possessions. In



1812, during Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign, Josephine Bonaparte, a distant relative who knew a thing or two about being demoted, obtained for him a small annuity, and in 1817, when Louis XVIII assumed the throne of France, Saint-Méry received a substantial gift of money which allowed him, finally, to live as a scholar, writing books and compiling his great collection of manuscripts.

I keep the English Mr. Weaver and the French M Moreau de Saint-Méry (strange bedfellows) next to a vellum-covered book with the bookplate of an old acquaintance, Alan Thomas, the London bookseller (A.G.T.). It was his personal copy of *Canzone a Ballo*, "Composte dal Magnifico Lorenzo de' Medici e da M. Agnolo Politiano, & altri autori insieme con la Nencia da Barberino, & La Beca da Dicomano, Firenze, MDLXIII" (1563). This is not a grand book—it was printed on plain laid paper, now yellowed, by a printer who did not leave his mark. The text is in italics, and the title lettering exhibits a certain coarseness. It is a collection of Carnival songs written in poetic form by Lorenzo de' Medici and his friend Agnolo Poliziano. On the title page is a fifteenth-century woodblock print in which we see twelve young ladies in simple dresses and fancy sashes, with long hair flowing, singing in front of the Palazzo Medici. The "pala" with its six golden balls is the Medici emblem. The walls of Florence are seen beyond the palace. Two girls kneel before Lorenzo; one presents him with a floral wreath and the other with a thyrsis—a pine cone on a stick, an ancient emblem of fertility and of Bacchus. The poet Agnolo Poliziano, Lorenzo's "Angel," stands behind the ruler of Florence. During the Renaissance, the integrity of a town was often judged by whether young women and girls might dance in the streets, singing quite licentious songs without being molested. The idea was that although dancing is a figurative representation of love's passion, it should be done with such delicacy as befits the innocent character and exalted state of the person dancing. Lorenzo's poems were meant to be sung during Carnival or other festivals by young women dancing the Carole or the Farandole, in which dancers formed a single line, holding hands, following a leader through streets, squares and garden paths or while tracing figures on a lawn. They might run madly or walk sedately. In this woodcut they are dancing the Branle (from the French verb "branler," meaning "to sway"). They have formed a circle and are holding hands while swaying right and left, varying the rhythm of their steps. It could be the feast of the Calendas of May, the Spring festival, and the song:

Welcome May and its proud flying banner,
for then it is that man should turn his thoughts to love...

There are one hundred and thirty-nine Canzone in this book. Lorenzo had a cleft palate, a nasal and unpleasant voice – so he couldn't sing his own verses. Leonardo da Vinci was invited to improvise on his silver lyre in the shape of a wolf's head. He sang Lorenzo's words to "Il Trionfo di Bacco e d'Arianna,"

Quanto e bella giovinezza,
Che si fuge tutta via!
Che vuol esser lieto sia!
Di doman non c'e certezza.

(How beautiful is youth and how fleeting! Live for today because tomorrow may never come!) Why not? Placing Lorenzo's songs back on the shelf, I see Emery Walker's 1936 facsimile of the first printed book devoted to the art, or pastime, of dancing, *L'Art et Instruction de Bien Dancer*, printed by Michel Toulouze in Paris during Leonardo's lifetime. The only surviving copy now belongs to the Royal College of Physicians of London—but that's another story.

A frequent contributor to these pages and to the Club, Dr. Roatcap has enjoyed a long-time interest in the dance. The present exhibit at the Club, *Dancing Divas & Danseurs Nobles as seen by Artists & Photographers* (January 24 - April 1, 2005) consists of books and other materials on ballet from her collection. She wrote this article especially to complement the exhibit.

A Startling Look at San Francisco in the 1890s

By Jack Maclean

RUMMAGING THROUGH THE PRINT BIN at my favorite auction dealer recently, I came across a large portfolio filled with the flotsam and jetsam of a life well lived. Leafing through this, I let out a loud "Holy cow!"

Here was the largest watercolor by Valenti Angelo I had ever seen. A costume designer for Hollywood movies in the 1940s, Hazel Hergenhahn had obviously lived on Macondray Lane in San Francisco, where she knew the local artists – Valenti Angelo, Wolo, Morty (Grace Morton, 930 Green Street steps), W. Edwin Ver Berche, Izzy, Raymond Duncan – as well as in Alameda, as newspaper clippings showed her with Juanita Miller.

Along with the above were unidentifiable items, including the following. A Chinese watercolor pasted on fluffy handmade paper contained seven pages of penciled oriental script. My Chinese friends (both of them) were able to pick out dates, names, and so on, but not much more, so it was left up to a Japanese friend (a proper, tea-ceremony flower-arranger in the upper category) to translate.

Much to her embarrassment, here it is:

Memorial Address for Kaneko, Koutaro (2-11-1872 – 5-27-1933)

Written by his friend of 40 years, Nagai, Hajime, on 8-11-1933

Kaneko Koutaro was born in Hanawa Village of Gunma Prefecture, Japan. His father was in the business of silk manufacture. Later the family moved to Maebashi City. There he was educated and became quite ambitious. He joined the Young Men's Christian Group and studied English. He worked toward the improvement of social environment, and was one of the leaders of the prostitution abolition movement. Because of their effort, at a later date the entire Gunma Prefecture was successful in abolishing prostitution.

At the age of 20 Kaneko Koutaro immigrated to United States. In San Francisco he joined the McAllister Club which was established by the men who are from the same region in Japan. They all worked during the day and gathered at the club in the evening to study. During 1893, the members of the club and others started publishing Newspaper called Golden Gate Daily. Kaneko Koutaro was one of the leaders in this venture.

He wrote articles in the paper, especially against the Japanese women's prostitution activities in San Francisco. There were about 100 women engaging in prostitution then. They sometimes hired a horse buggy and ride around Market Street to promote their business. Those prostitutes all wore black clothes and their customers were foreigners, not Japanese men. Their shameful behavior had extremely unfavorable effect on other Japanese communities.

To remedy this situation, we established "Japanese Anti-Vice Society" among men who had strong sense of justice. We received formal permission from the City Police Department. The Society member wore a large silver color badge on the lapel. They officially visited Japanese house of ill-repute, and interviewed each prostitute to persuade them to change their occupation for their own sake. This method had a great effect on them. Kaneko Koutaro was most active in the effort of abolishing Japanese prostitution. His sincere enthusiasm moved the spirit of all Japanese immigrants

in the area. At one time the Society rented a large hall called Pichan Castle (later Emporium) inviting speakers for the improvement of social environment in Japanese communities. All Japanese immigrants who resided in San Francisco and vicinity attended this event. It was told that Kaneko Koutaro's speech was the best and most persuasive among all speakers.

In later years, he engaged in agriculture. While farming, he continued to study English. When he was employed by a canning company near Visalia, he became a supervisor over several hundred workers. He was admired by many young workers for his strong sense of justice. He also had many friends among American bankers and businessmen. He was well known as Ben K. Kaneko among them. He was the representative of Japanese community in Bay area. He attended yearly meetings of all US Japanese American Convention, and acquired much respect from other representatives because of his knowledge and eloquent speeches.

He was married to Mineko on 4-11-1911. Mineko graduated from Doshisha University in Japan and was studying in Univ. of Calif. at the time. They were married for 22 years and had three sons; 21, 19, 17 years old respectively. It is well known that their sons excelled in school and sports. They are model youths with gentle and yet strong characters. Mr. Kaneko must have left this world with the feeling of ease and satisfaction. His life was complete when he was baptized by Rev. Baba before his death on May 27. He was 61 yrs old. I sincerely pray for the blessing of happiness for his family.

Translated by Yoko Ono-Light, 11-26-2004, for Jack Maclean. Mr. Maclean is a long-time member of the Club and a notable collector of the work of Valenti Angelo.

Book Reviews

Bigger and Better

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS, the phrase "Multum In Parvo" and "Less Is More" can often be truisms, and not just when comparing the quality of the Yellow Pages to a fine *haiku*. But, occasionally, more really is more, and some books can be both bigger and better.

Such is the case with the strapping volumes recently stacked on this reviewer's desk for attention. Although very different from one another in format and content, they are all, at the same time, similar in either size or heft. Most important, the common denominator is their high quality.

A superb reference source is Raymond John Howgego's *Encyclopedia of Exploration to 1800*. The author, an independent scholar, is currently compiling a companion volume to cover the period 1800-1850. The book's publisher is Australia's outstanding dealer in rare books, manuscripts, maps, prints, and paintings, Hordern House. The firm is located at 77 Victoria Street, Potts Point, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, 2011. It will be recalled that Hordern House was co-publisher, with the University of Hawaii Press, of David Forbes's definitive *Hawaiian National Bibliography*.

The cost of this very impressive one-stop reference book of twelve hundred pages is A\$295 (Australian), plus A\$35 for postage, handling, and insurance. For the exact price, including shipping, handling, etc., in "Yankee dollars," we suggest that a query be made to Hordern House at P.O. Box 225, Potts Point, Sydney, NSW, Australia, 1355. The *Encyclopedia* can also be ordered via the Down Under web site: www.hordern.com or www.explorersencyclopedia.com

There is no doubt that this huge tome, the result of fifteen years of research and writing, will become the standard reference source for the history of travel, exploration, expeditions, voyages, and colonization. Its world-wide scope is almost mind-numbing. Howgego includes not only American and European (English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Russian) expeditionaries, but also Arab and Chinese explorers.

The arrangement of entries is alphabetical and biographical, with some ships' names (major shipwrecks, etc.) and a few general subjects, such as "Pilgrim Fathers" and "German Settlers in North America," intermingled with explorers' names. There are 2,327 major articles, with four thousand cross references; also an index to names of individuals and ships mentioned only in passing. The accent is on voyages, but land travel is not neglected.

A wonderful bonus is the bibliography which follows each entry. There are some twenty thousand bibliographical citations in all. The work is not just a biographical dictionary; there is much detail on the expeditions per se. And much of the information here is "seeing daylight" – in terms of publication in English – for the first time.

Because of the cut-off date of 1800, we must wait for Howgego's projected second volume to find material on Lewis and Clark, Fremont, and others. But there are plenty of references to early travels in what is now the United States. Take, for example, the South. Besides such obvious figures as Captain John Smith (Virginia), James Oglethorpe (Georgia), and Daniel

Boone (Kentucky), Spanish rivals of the British, such as Menéndez de Avilés and Ayllón, are covered. And important wandering naturalists are not overlooked: Banister, Bartram, Catesby, Michaux. The author also includes such important, but neglected, Carolina explorers as trader James Adair and Indian agent Thomas Nairne.

The West is well represented, thanks to the *entradas* of Spanish conquistadors in the Southwest and European mariners in the Pacific Northwest. As for California itself, besides the obvious names – landmen Anza and Portolá, seamen Ayala, Bodega, Cabrillo, and Cermeño – our wide-wandering missionaries are given their due: Serra, Garcés, Palou, and even the forgotten Payaras.

The Pacific is particularly well covered, thanks to the importance of Captain James Cook and the surprising number of associates and subordinates to whom he was mentor, like Vancouver, Bligh, Clerke, Colnett, Dixon, Riou, and American shipmates John Ledyard, John Gore, and James Magra (aka Matra).

There are, seemingly, a zillion stories touched on in this amazing book, in what we might call sidebars to history. For example, Philip Nolan's name was taken by Edward Everett Hale for "The Man without a Country," yet he was only a filibustering Irish-American horse-thief in Texas. But he was an explorer, on the side. It will be news to readers that California's Vizcaíno anticipated Matthew Perry by more than a few years, not only in opening Japan to trade, but transporting Japanese officials to America (albeit Mexico) in 1613-1614. We find here the real-life prototype for Robinson Crusoe, too, in Alexander Selkirk; and we learn that there were Austrian, Danish, and Swedish East India companies besides the well-known British and Dutch variety. We even find one explorer in twelve hundred pages who was also a convict, or at least an ex-convict. Australian John Wilson led expeditions with bona fide convicts until he came to a bad end. He was speared to death by friends of an Aboriginal woman whom he tried to "appropriate."



Carleton Watkins was not the only camera artist to lose everything to San Francisco's seismic storm and accompanying fire of 1906. Isaiah W. Taber forfeited to Mother Nature the results of forty years of photographic work when his studio was destroyed. He estimated his gallery's loss at eighty

tons (!) of glass portrait negatives, perhaps one hundred thousand images, plus a dozen tons of scenic views, some thirty thousand pictures.

A medal-winner at expositions, Taber was the commercial photographer closest to the art's San Francisco champions, Eadweard Muybridge and Carleton Watkins, in the quality of his work, despite its great volume. (Although you will get an argument from partisans of Arnold Genthe.) We tend to underrate the work of our second tier of early photographers out of an embarrassment of riches. Fiske, Turrill, Worden, Monaco, even the talented amateur, Stellman, when at his best, were all capable of genuine artistry in photography.

Only now do we have an entire book devoted to Taber and his work, and it is a beauty; an album done with the meticulous care in design (and reproduction of original photos) that is a hallmark of Sausalito's Windgate Press. *Taber: A Photographic Legacy, 1870-1900* (\$45) is by that press's proprietors, Linda and Wayne Bonnett. With an informative introduction by the Book Club's Gary Kurutz, it provides us with a good sampling (over two hundred images), mostly full-page plates on coated stock, of the San Franciscan's work.

Portraiture was Taber's favorite task, but most of us, nowadays, prefer his views of San Francisco and the rest of California, plus Hawaii and Alaska. The selection of scenes in "The City" forcefully reminds us of how much we lost to the 1906 fire and quake in terms of remarkable, if sometimes overly ornate, architecture, alone, and not just in terms of Nob Hill mansions.

Like Genthe and Stellman, Taber was drawn to exotic Chinatown, and like Muybridge, Watkins, and Fiske, he captured the enchantment of Yosemite Valley. Nor did he neglect the drama of San Francisco Bay, with its busy Embarcadero, its ferries and tall ships, for he was an ex-sailor.

This salute to Taber and his legacy is a splendid book, made all the better by the appended biography of this little-known artist, written by the Bonnetts.



A new second edition (and far and away the better one) of the classic guide, *The Hill Collection of Pacific Voyages at the University of California, San Diego*, is now available as the perfect shelf-companion for the *Encyclopedia of Exploration*. With an added essay on the book-collecting career of Kenneth E.

Hill, who donated the books to UCSD, the new version is co-published by an estimable pair of rare-book vendors, the aforementioned Hordern House and "Yale's" William Reese.

Both New England's Bill Reese and New South Wales's Derek McDonnell and Anne McCormick warn us that this book is not a bibliography, only a catalogue of books in one collection. Bosh! True, there are gaps in a collection guide that would not be there in a bibliography. But Hill cast such a wide net that most of us can, and do, use the volume as a working bibliography to which additions can be made later.

Surprising to this reviewer is not the fact of lacunae, but the inclusion of some rather landlubberly titles in this book, their subject matter quite a way from tidewater. There are books on Lewis and Clark, Fremont, Sutter and the Gold Rush, and so forth. Although the volume of works on Western Americana, especially Californiana, is not repeated for the other Pacific Rim, the major early voyages to both China and Japan are here. This reader is no expert, but it appears that the key books on voyages to the Dutch East Indies are here too, in quantity. Although the Pacific Northwest's coast is not overlooked, the heart of the collection treats Oceania, particularly Hawaii and Polynesia, plus Australia, although Down Under belongs to the Java Sea and the Indian Ocean.

The texts of the three original volumes (1974, 1982-83) have now been combined into one alphabet. Hundreds of new entries have been added, and errors of description or collation have been corrected. Besides a general index and a brief bibliography, there is a chronological index. It is useful, but it refers to the date of a book's publication, not to the actual time of the voyage discussed.

More than ever, *The Hill Collection* is absolutely essential to students of Pacific voyaging as well as collectors of Pacific history. What makes this new edition particularly desirable, besides its obvious richness in content, its "control" of the subject, is the excellence of the notes for virtually every one of the 1,937 entries. These are splendid notes, very informative, and often capable of forwarding the reader to other entries that are pertinent to his research.

Copies of the book may be had from William Reese Company, 409 Temple Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511; telephone (203) 789-8081. The price is \$175, plus shipping.

In an album-like format, like Taber, comes a charming book of one hundred sixty pages and beautiful photographs, published by Ron Tyler's Texas State Historical Association. It is Geoff Winningham's *Along Forgotten River*. Orders for the \$39.95 book can be placed with the Association in Austin, twenty-four hours a day, at 1-800-687-8132.

Winningham, an award-winning photographer, has selected some of the best images that he has made of his "forgotten" river. This is a combination of Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto River, of which is it a tributary, plus a part of Galveston Bay into which the San Jacinto flows. The photos are large, full-page duotone black-and-white views. In a way, the volume resembles the Sierra Club's Exhibit Format books, although without color. (Small wonder that the Sierra Club's *Everglades: Gentle Wilderness* and other titles made up such an exemplary series—serving on the publications committee were Book Club stalwart Harlan Kessel and the late August Frugé.)

Winningham balances his photos, made between 1997 and 2001, with the descriptive words of early Texas travelers enchanted by the landscape where the prairies break down to sea level above Galveston Island. Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto River, even shallow Galveston Bay behind its barrier island, were idyllic places in the early and mid-nineteenth century. Densely wooded Buffalo Bayou then looked more like a Louisiana (or even Florida) creek than a portion of the dry and thorny Texas that comes to mind.

The bayou begins in the open grasslands and a tangle of trees and *carizo* (cane) around Ryan's Pond. From this point eastward to the suburbs of Houston, much of Buffalo Bayou is still the pristine country of early visitors. But the city has swallowed up the little old river port of Harrisburg, and, from downtown and the turning basin that is the Port of Houston, Nature has almost been obliterated by docks, tanks, and oil refineries. Only here and there on the San Jacinto and its continuation by the Houston Ship Channel, dredged across Galveston Bay, are there scraps of natural marshland.

This area, with the Brazos country just to the west, is where *Anglo* Texas, as opposed to Hispanic Texas, began. Its history is a rich one. It was here that the Runaway Scrape of fleeing Americans was halted by Sam Houston's victory over Santa Anna in 1836.

With his camera, Winningham has carefully explored, on foot and by canoe, the entire waterway composed of the bayou, the river, and the bay

in order to give us a rich, nostalgic picture of what remains of a beautiful region that has been heavily impacted, for many years now, by urban and industrial “progress.”

—Richard H. Dillon

Serendipity

Meanderings of the Committee Chairman

There once was a poet, you see,
Who would rhyme for the BCC
But now that Arnold did open
The Poet Laureate's job for gropin'—er, “grasping,”
Exclaimed, “Oh, this is the job for me!”

All Ina Coolbriths send your applications to the California Arts Council. The Golden State seeks a golden-penned poet.

On December 3, 2004, the Mechanics' Institute, an oasis of learning and education in downtown San Francisco, celebrated its century and a half. Now best known for its library, from the 1850s to the 1890s it sponsored fairs, housed in huge pavilions that displayed the intellectual creativity and bounty of the Golden State. All hail the Mechanics! Here's to second successful century and a half!

Seventy-one percent as old: Members gathered at the Club on December 13, to toast the 107th birthday of past President Mike Harrison, a man who has lived in three centuries. Additionally, we welcomed a new book. Jonathan Clark has done a splendiferous job producing master narrator Richard H. Dillon's *Napa Valley Heyday*.

“I want to thank all of you for coming and for passing up Monday Night Football,” Dillon began, as he explained his early interest in the valley. Of all the Bay Area counties, Napa “has best preserved the original rural beauty of its past.”

The author then launched into “new facts and facets” of its early history; the audience expecting three hours at least of flourishes, bushels of commas and asides, and enough bombast to pale a July Fourth oration. However, at exactly four minutes, Dillon stopped. You must READ the rest of the Napa County story! The prospectus announcing its \$175 price will be with you before this.

President George Fox announced that one of our members has been nationally honored – again.

The purpose of the American Institute of Graphic Arts is, its website declares, “to set the national agenda for the role of design in its economic, social, political and cultural contexts.” Founded in 1914, New York City-based AIGA has given medals since 1920 to those who have had “significant impact on the practice of graphic design in the United States.”

Why this lesson in obscurity? On September 30, the Club’s own Jack Stauffacher received the AIGA medal for his “exceptional achievements.” Just look at one of Stauffacher’s BCC books and this honor is a “no brainer.”

“I am a native San Franciscan, my mother was a native San Franciscan,” Stauffacher said. “I have love for this great city.” As Stauffacher ran through the list of earlier recipients, he found Porter Garnett in 1932 and Ed and Bob Grabhorn in 1942, both part of his printing education that began seventy years ago. His medal, Stauffacher feels, is in part “homage” to them, and is “part of all of us – I have reached that age when I can talk this way as part of a history piece.”

Like Peter Koch who follows him – at least in this QN-L column – Stauffacher has “moved beyond printing into art.” Large-size type intrigues both. In the design section of the Museum of Modern Art stands his exhibit.

After spending quality time printing the *Quarterly New-Letter*, our printer Peter Rutledge Koch has completed a number of minor projects this past year.

Ten years in the making has been *The Fragments of Parmenides*. This Greek philosopher and physician, who lived in Elea, Italy, about 600 BC, composed a long metaphysical poem on being and existence. Although Socrates and Plato read, quoted, and commented favorably on his work, time was not kind. Only about one hundred lines, say a thousand words, survive.

Peter Koch assembled quite a team to do justice in Greek and English to the underappreciated Parmenides. Christopher Stinehour, a stonecutter, used a computer to design the cover’s “Diogenes Greek” typeface, based on Greek inscriptions contemporary with the philosopher. Dan Carr hand-cut steel punches to produce matrixes for typesetting the similar “Parmenides Greek” used for the Greek language text.

Robert Bringhurst, poet and author of *The Elements of Typographic Style* (1992, and continually revised; current is Version 3.0) provided an English translation, while wood engraver Richard Wagener supplied five prints for the regular edition, ten for the deluxe. Just look at the cover of the QN-L

for an example of his work. Daniel Kelm and Peggy Gotthold took care of the binding. *Carving the Elements: A Companion to The Fragments of Parmenides* (paper, 138 pp., \$30) allows the participants to tell their stories – though it’s all Greek to us.

The ever-generous Barbara Land gave a copy to the Book Club, where it lies magnificently on display. One hundred copies are for sale at \$1,850; twenty-six with full leather binding and ten Wagener wood engravings are \$3,500. Order from the QN-L’s fine producer, Peter Koch Printers, 2203 Fourth Street, Berkeley, CA 94710, (510) 849-0673.

This same Peter Koch produced eleven digital Iris prints titled “Nature Morte.” He gives the French term for “still life” a deeper meaning as his exhibit travels through four Montana museums during 2005. Koch emphatically condemns the banal uses commerce made of the grand natural wilderness that Meriwether Lewis and William Clark saw. “I am haunted by a fear of death from civilization; the loss of nature,” Koch writes.

In 2000, Koch juxtaposed large type with portraits to produce nine similar prints in his still-touring exhibit “Hard Words.” These earlier prints marry words such as “Lost,” “Shot,” “Dead,” and “Gone” with people. This new exhibit, enhanced with words from the journals of Lewis and Clark, illuminates a devastated landscape.

For instance, in 1805 Meriwether Lewis marveled at the Great Falls of the Missouri as he saw “the spray arise above the plain like a column of smoke.” Koch pairs this quote with a photograph of a copper smelter on the site with large, bold type, “DEADFALL.” “Roadkill” shows a lumber train; “Still Life,” dead buffalo.

Now for the obligatory mention of Malcolm Margolin and Heyday Books.

Moving on... On October 24, during the Roxburghe-Zamarano Joint Meeting, we wondered about the essence of “artists’ books.” We skeptically remarked that if one did not have printed pages to read, it was not a book. “They most certainly are real books,” hissed The Devil Herself. This came from no ordinary Printer’s Devil, but Nancy Coopersmith, who brilliantly arranged the meeting logistics and commissary.

That afternoon at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor we heard Robert Flynn Johnson, curator of the Achenbach Foundation of the San Francisco Museums of Fine Arts since 1975. This collection, the best west of Chicago, provides endless themes for exhibit, for paper, more so than oil paint, is more expressive of the human experience.

Johnson, too, turned to artists' books. He found them expensive, compared to acquiring older books which time has judged to be classics. Yet, since 1994, the Fine Arts Museums, headquartered at the Legion, have sponsored the Artist Book Council. Laudably, it promotes "artists books being produced by contemporary artists and fine art presses." Memberships range from basic, \$250 annually, to patron, \$1,000.

We unfortunately missed book artist Jim Rosenau's whimsical BCC presentation, "No, But I Sawed the Book." Cannibalistically, Rosenau makes bookshelves from appropriately decorative hardback books. Rumor has it that each night, the number of shelved books gets fewer while the shelves grow longer...

At election time, though, we perused an article in the *SF Weekly*: "Barbara Alexandra Szerlip's sculptures dismantle books to show them off," and walked up to Columbine Design at 1541 Grant Avenue to see them. We were impressed, and agreed with article author Karen Zuercher when she spoke of Szerlip's handmade artists' books, "these are some of the most beautiful I've seen."

Her elucidation with our commentary states, "Each piece is clever in some subtle way [related to the content or title of the original book], and the intricacy of the cutting, [folding], and rearranging made me want to pick them up one by one and poke my fingers into them to discover their secrets." Yet, none were for reading.

We did poke our fingers into an *Amperсанд*, put out by the Pacific Center for the Book Arts; the Spring/Summer 2004 issue being devoted to artists' books. We saw some peculiar things within, but took hope from Cynthia Imperatore's "Some Thoughts for Book Makers" that the "essence of the book" was "content development." Says she, "pyrotechnics of craft won't sell many books if the message is weak." We agree. To aid us in our confusion, we invite articles to the QN-L to elucidate why things of unusual shape and weird format, otherwise known as artists' books, are really books.

Like artists' books and hand bookbinding, on the music scene, poster artists seek to interpret the "vibe of the band." We were drawn to this observation when, "THUMP!" nine pounds of book landed on our desk. Looking at the source, we pondered, "Daughters! Why have 'em?"

Becky, now twenty-five, who formerly did not know Any Better, dragged Dear Old Dad for a decade to hear the deep resonant voice of Pearl Jam's Eddie Vetter. For that same ten years, that play on words on the crooner's

name annoyed her as large Pearl Jam posters filled her room and encroached on our turf.

Similarly, in the Fall 2004 QN-L, Bo Wreden told of his love for this art – and even sponsored one such psychedelic art poster for a 1967 book fair! As proof, his collection greeted visitors to the Club's room.

Before us lay a 13 x 11-inch monster. Paul D. Grushkin, Bill Graham's former archivist and now a Pinole rock historian, and Dennis M. King, since 1971 owner of D. King Gallery, Berkeley, and DKing-Gallery.com, produced the *Art of Modern Rock: The Poster Explosion* [Chronicle Books, 492 pages, \$75].

It is a sequel to Grushkin's *The Art of Rock: Posters from Presley to Punk* [New York: Artebras, 1987, 516 pages]. This earlier folio is "a spectacular visual and oral history" that matches its new companion in size and complements its text. However, we prefer New York's Abbeville Press edition from the same year, "A Tiny Folio" – 4.25 x 4.5 inches, but 348 pages.

The opening pages of *The Art of Modern Rock* show repeated posters. They have the impact of large blocks of identical rock show advertisements plastered on plywood walls protecting construction sites around the City. Artist "Uncle Charlie" explains "Why the Poster Explosion" on the colophon page: "Two things," he says.

One, the internet. It enabled an international community to form.

Two, the destructive force of the CD. CDs destroyed album cover art. Half the fun of going to the record store was looking at the cover art. No more.

Where the 1987 *The Art of Rock* focused on five artists, this one displays 1,800 posters, the best silk-screened, from more than 375 producers. Chapters, introduced in a few pages, are thematic by art subject. Buxom babes, bones, and the bizarre blossom boldly on their spacious pages. In a break from the normal arrangement, Chapter X has large sections devoted to Pearl Jam and Phish posters; otherwise advertisements for any band are scattered.

Bay area artist Chris Shaw provides the rationale: "It's definitely flipping the finger to the art world. We got no love in art school for making posters."

Showing the same line of reasoning, Sean Thackrey, 62, exists as a curmudgeon winemaker – well, he DOES live in Bolinas. [A damp place in West Marin County, California, known for discouraging visitors. -Ed.] Of bookish note, he thinks he has the world's largest collection of works on ancient wine-making, which, since 1979, have more influenced his creations than the scientific basis of modern enology. Thackrey believes, "A winemaker is

not asked to make scientific decisions.” In the spirit of Robert Mondavi, he proclaims, “You are there to create a pleasure.”

Chronicle writer W. Blake Gray then recorded an incredible statement: “I would have thought that books on wine would be trophies in and of themselves.” This is the way Thackrey feels, but not what he found: “Nobody cares about it. It’s amazing. I’ve been able to get every book I’ve wanted.” This former Sierra Club book editor must have been drinking too much of his wine – or his own must. Who ever heard of a book collector getting everything he wanted!

The summer/fall issue of *The Rail Splitter: A Journal for the Lincoln Collector* had several articles on Replevin, a legal action where a state decrees that a document once part of its public records, still is. We think this is absurd.

Documents documented as stolen should be returned. No discussion needed. However, in the twentieth century, too many government entities discarded too many tons of old records to dumps for them to have the right to seize something trashed that only a collector’s insight saved.

“I’m adjusting to Utah,” former BCC Director Emmett Harrington wrote us. “Another 10 or 15 years and I’ll begin to feel (and maybe look) like I belong.” Hmmm. The slender Harrington would be like a redrock spire in Bryce Canyon then, for he explains, “We’ve moved to Southwestern Utah’s ‘Color Country’ where we’ve set up shop in the Coyote Gulch Art Village at Kayenta, near the City of St. George.”

That’s what Harrington says! His address reads: 807 Coyote Gulch Court, Ivins, UT 84738. Now, where did Ivins come from? Sounds like Harrington is geographically confused, but perhaps an explanation may be found at [www. HarringtonBooks.com](http://www.HarringtonBooks.com) Till Harrington finds out where he really is, get on his mailing list to receive astute, gracefully written catalogues detailing “rare and out-of-print books alongside the Old Spanish Trail.”

We were delighted to receive an inch-thick paperback from the City of the Plain for \$17.20: William F. Swasey, *The Early Days and Men of California* (1891). It is the fourth reprint of an exceedingly scarce book that the Sacramento Book Collectors Club has cheaply placed in the hands of collectors.

Swasey (1823-1896) arrived overland in 1845, but significantly, in June 1848, opened the first store in Napa City. Thereby Swasey achieved immortality through mention in Richard Dillon’s BCC publication – which all of you have purchased.

From that height, Swasey's life could only be downhill, even though he became a prominent member of the Society of California Pioneers, a California Volunteer during the war, and, in 1891, "the oldest continuous resident of San Francisco." Swasey presents his autobiography and portraits of eighty-six Californians, most of whom he knew.

Editor Daryl Morrison, the accomplished head of Special Collections at the University of California at Davis, introduces this once privately printed volume. We were recipients of Morrison's gracious hospitality when she ran the Holt-Atherton Center at Stockton's University of the Pacific.

John Muir has shed a tear. Shirley Sargent (July 12, 1927-December 3, 2004), as much in love with the Yosemite Valley as the intrepid Scotsman, has passed on. "Yosemite has been my life since 1936," she declared, "my magnet, my lodestar, my home."

Appropriately, the best selling of her two dozen books is *John Muir in Yosemite* (1972). Sargent wrote history, good narrative history, not the sociology-tinged, ideological, unreadable monographs that masquerade as history in academia. Sargent wrote to make "people real to me." While she wrote on "Tunnel Trees" in our 2003 "Historic Trees" keepsake, she did not have tunnel vision. We miss her.

HUZZAH! On December 14, 2004, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors voted 8-2 to properly designate the transbay bridge after His Majesty Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico. This victory, the first such action by any government body, came after eloquent speeches by Supervisor Aaron Peskin, as we write, the president of the board, and co-sponsor Tom Ammiano.

Well, Ammiano did admit that the proposal might be somewhat "quirky," as was a certain organization of which he was a member... Its Oakland counterpart needs further education.

Additionally, your bookish Board did confirm this addle-pated scrivener Vice President of the Book Club. Still, his power will be circumscribed. The Society of California Pioneers has mounted the bell that in 1856 stood atop Fort Gunnybags! "Tap-tap-tap." Silence. "Tap-tap-tap" may yet summon the Committee of Vigilance! HAPPY NEW YEAR! Let the good times – and fine presses – roll!

–Dr. Robert J. Chandler

A NOTE FROM DIRECTOR MICHAEL THOMPSON,
*who is a Southern California bookseller and the hard-
 working Chairman of the Grants Committee:*

The Henry E. Huntington Library recently completed a wonderful exhibit of "The Bible and the People" which featured many of the rarest Bibles in the world. Not many libraries can boast owning the first ten editions, and the Huntington copy of the Gutenberg is one of the finest in existence, being complete and one of just twelve extant that were printed on vellum. The exhibit wasn't impressive just because of the many rarities, but because the main theme running through the display was the changing people who read and were influenced by and used the Bibles. This was especially shown in the last entry: the teenage magazine *Revolve*, which looks for all the world like just another comic book, and has articles on such relevant topics as how to get along with mom and dad, includes the entire New Testament, carefully disguised from classmates' curious snooping. I wish that there were a printed catalogue. And I'm sorry that I didn't get information out before it closed.

An entirely different sort of exhibit but just as powerful and compelling is the Einstein exhibit at the Skirball Museum, just north of the Getty Museum on the San Diego freeway. The exhibit originated at the American Museum of Natural History in New York and the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and is on view now through May 29th of this year. "It is the most comprehensive presentation ever mounted of the life and theories of the greatest scientist of the 20th century... It explores the legacy of Albert Einstein (1879-1955) not only as a scientific genius... but as a man engaged in the social and political issues of his era..." Lavishly illustrated with letters and manuscripts, it also includes his FBI file and his own personal telescope! It is overwhelming in its scope and depth.

Right down the road at the Getty is a new exhibit to come soon that is perhaps more directly of interest to members, 'The Artist Turns to the Book,' which runs from May 24 through September 11. It will center on the Getty's very substantial collection of artists' books, and I'm sure will have educational seminars and meetings as part of the event. This movement away from simply the flat printed page has had enormous implications for book design, with about equal numbers of people embracing and hating it. The Getty collection is huge, so it will be interesting to see their selection.

The 2005 schedule of calligraphy courses sponsored by the Friends of Calligraphy at Fort Mason, San Francisco, is now available at: www.friendsofcalligraphy.org



News comes from Brian D. Cohen of Bridge Press in Vermont of a ten-day (June 23 - July 3, 2005) Book Arts program to be held at New England College, Henniker, New Hampshire. Workshops will be led by Claire Van Vliet of Janus Press, artist and Book Club author; Michele Burgess and Bill Kelly of Brighton Press, San Diego; Dan Carr and Julia Ferrari of the Golgonooza Letter Foundry; and Mr. Cohen. For information, apply to Mr. Cohen at (802) 722-4029 or www.bridge-press.com



Last spring, Wilder Bentley the Younger submitted the following verse in the spirit of George Sterling and friends' "Abalone Song," adding that he hoped Club members would take up the challenge to provide additional verses and continue the tradition of *The Seacoast of Bohemia*:

For Roman Priest
The Lenten Feast
Need not be cold and bony;
I heard one say
On Shrove Tuesday
Adveniat Abalone!

WB signed himself "Your worst-known minor poet, artist, engraver, researcher in ancient lore and composer of church music in California." Let us hear from you with rhymes to imagine pounding abalone by – a culinary chore these days not often done in reality with the beset critters.

Gifts and Acquisitions

On an autumn visit to San Francisco from Buffalo, Timothy Conroy and Joseph Murray presented the Club two volumes of *Indie Fonts*. This is an interesting collection of digital typefaces covering a wide range of styles, edited by Richard Kegler, James Grieshaber, and Tamyé Riggs, and published in

Buffalo in 2002 by P-Type Publications. The two massive volumes provide a good snapshot of what fonts are available – at the moment – to computer users, and each includes a CD-ROM for making use of the designs. These books expand upon the traditional type specimen book, and they have many of the fanciful charms of those written about by Robert Dickover in the Summer 2004 QN-L. Opening Volume 2 at random turned up a wonderful offering of “Pacific Serif” from Max Kisman:

Black birds over Bodega Bay
 AND CALIFORNIA INCOGNITO
 Summer Sunday BBQ at Rancho Nicasio
 Point Reyes Station
 SHUCKED OYSTERS
 Redwoods and deer crossing

For non-residents of the area, such lines may recall only a scene from Hitchcock’s *The Birds*, but for a lover of coastal California, they evoke a vision of near-paradise.

Of wider interest may be the sentiments put forth in Stuart Sandler’s 1998 “Hamburger Sandwich,” a sans serif face:

**HOW MANY TUESDAYS MUST I WAIT FOR
 THAT FREELOADIN’ WIMPY TO PAY UP?**

Thank you again for these weighty and colorful volumes, Tim and Joe.



The Book Club has just purchased *Bookcloth 1823-1980* by William Tomlinson and Richard Masters. This study of the manufacture of book cloth is an extraordinary work, charting the changes in the manufacturing techniques of the major cover material of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The book discusses the methods of manufacture and the range of designs and grains available; samples of various cloths and grains are included. The authors also provide a history of various competing manufacturers; this is an excellent study of the major book-cover materials of the last two centuries.

– Barbara Jane Land

We have received the three most recent issues of *Private Press Books* from the Private Libraries Association. These are for 1999, 2000, and 2001 and are available from Tony Cox, Claude Cox Books, 3 & 5 Silent Street, Ipswich IP 1 1 TF, England. The price is US \$20, post free to members of the Association (Ravelston, South View Road, Pinner, Middlesex HA 5 3YD, England). The authors are given as Paul W. Nash, Margaret Lock and Asa Peavy – our San Francisco Public Library Special Collections stalwart.

Delightful and useful in themselves, these three volumes catalogue scores of fascinating private-press books from the last few years. Each volume includes a section on the literature of private printing as well as a cumulative index. The entries for the various presses and their productions give technical information only. The paper-bound books, 5½" x 8½", are copiously illustrated, which makes them "wish books" to an almost painful degree. David Esslemont's *The Printer's Flowers*, for example, or John O'Connor's *People and Places* from the Whittington Press, provide tempting examples of wood-engravings. Many names here are happily familiar – the wood-engraver Sister Margaret Tournour; Cynthia Savage of Leicester; Berkeley's Peter Koch, whose two books for 1999 were illustrated by Richard Wagener and Joseph Goldyne, artists whose work has graced QN-L covers; the Contre Coup Press of Lexington, Kentucky, a few of whose items have appeared in this section; Marie Dern's *Jungle Garden Press* in Fairfax, California; Vance Gerry's *Pasadena Weather Bird Press*; the *Ninja Press* of Sherman Oaks; the *Yellow Barn Press*, Council Bluffs, Iowa; the *Yolla Bolly Press*; and many others whose work we feel honored to know. It is gratifying to find that as recently as 2001, Claire and David Bolton's *Alembic Press*, Abingdon, Oxford, was still active, and that Rigby Graham was still providing artwork for the *Aardvark Press* in Leicester. We are happy to have these reminders of all the wonderful, various, ongoing creativity in the private-press world.

Then, to fill in some gaps, Noel Kirshenbaum presented us with ten older issues of the journal, for which we are most grateful. In addition to *Private Press Books*, Mr. Kirshenbaum also gave us *The Designer's Guide to PostScript Text Type* by Jean Callan King and Tony Esposito. This will fit nicely into the library's collection on practical typography.

Another gift in the same general area came from Valerie Kirschenbaum, her acclaimed *Goodbye Gutenberg*. Ms. Kirschenbaum's avowed purpose in this lavish and colorful volume is to "revitalize the role of printed books through

a rediscovery of illuminated manuscripts." The selection of texts is vast and the juxtapositions exciting – a mine of information and inspiration.

Roger E. Stoddard has sent us his *Abundant Bibliophiles: Hubbard Winslow Bryant on the Private Libraries of Portland, 1863-1864*, published by The Baxter Society of Portland, Maine, to mark its twentieth anniversary. Mr. Stoddard also included the text of a talk he gave last October at the University of Melbourne on the subject. The illustrated book is nicely done and will repay further study. Perhaps we can excerpt his talk in a future issue of the QN-L to give readers a better idea of the subject; as Mr. Stoddard writes, "From East to West, New & Old, BIBLIOPHILY unites us all."

Thanks are due also to Barbara Jane Land for four pieces of printing ephemera: These include one by Adrian Wilson, a 1968 party invitation addressed to Dorothy Whitnah; a menu printed by Adrian for a very fancy luncheon at the Christian Brothers in 1972; one by Lawton Kennedy done for the friends of Lawrence Clark Powell; and a 1939 item from Berkeley's Archetype Press.

An earlier gift from Barbara consisted of the 1857 pamphlet *Oration delivered before the Society of California Pioneers...* by Hon. T. W. Freelon, together with an *Ode* by Edward Pollock. This was printed by Charles F. Robbins, "Corner Clay and Sansome Sts.," and thus adds to our collection of local imprints. The occasion was the seventh anniversary of California's admission to statehood. A second item was the *Constitution, By-Laws and List of Members* from the Society of California Pioneers, 1912. The third was *The California Knapsack*, printed by Coast Review Job Print in 1898, being stories, sketches, anecdotes, and essays from the Fire Underwriters' Association of the Pacific. This is one of those delightful oddities better seen than described! Belated thanks for these three, Barbara.



The Oscar Lewis Awards were presented on Monday, February 7, 2005. David F. Myrick received the award for his contributions to Western History and Joseph J. D'Ambrosio for his contributions to the Book Arts. Congratulations to both for these well-deserved honors. We hope to have a fuller description of the gala event in the June issue, as space permits.

Elected to Membership

New Sustaining Members

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Robert Allen, M.D.	Brisbane	Gary Handler, M.D.
Aaron Bastian	San Francisco	Membership Committee

New Regular Members

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Daryl Morrison	Davis	Vincent J. Lozito
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J.S. Zil, M.D., J.D.	Sacramento	Robert Dickover

The following members have changed from regular to sustaining status:

Douglas C. Johns	San Francisco
Sam Leask	Santa Cruz

1793

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